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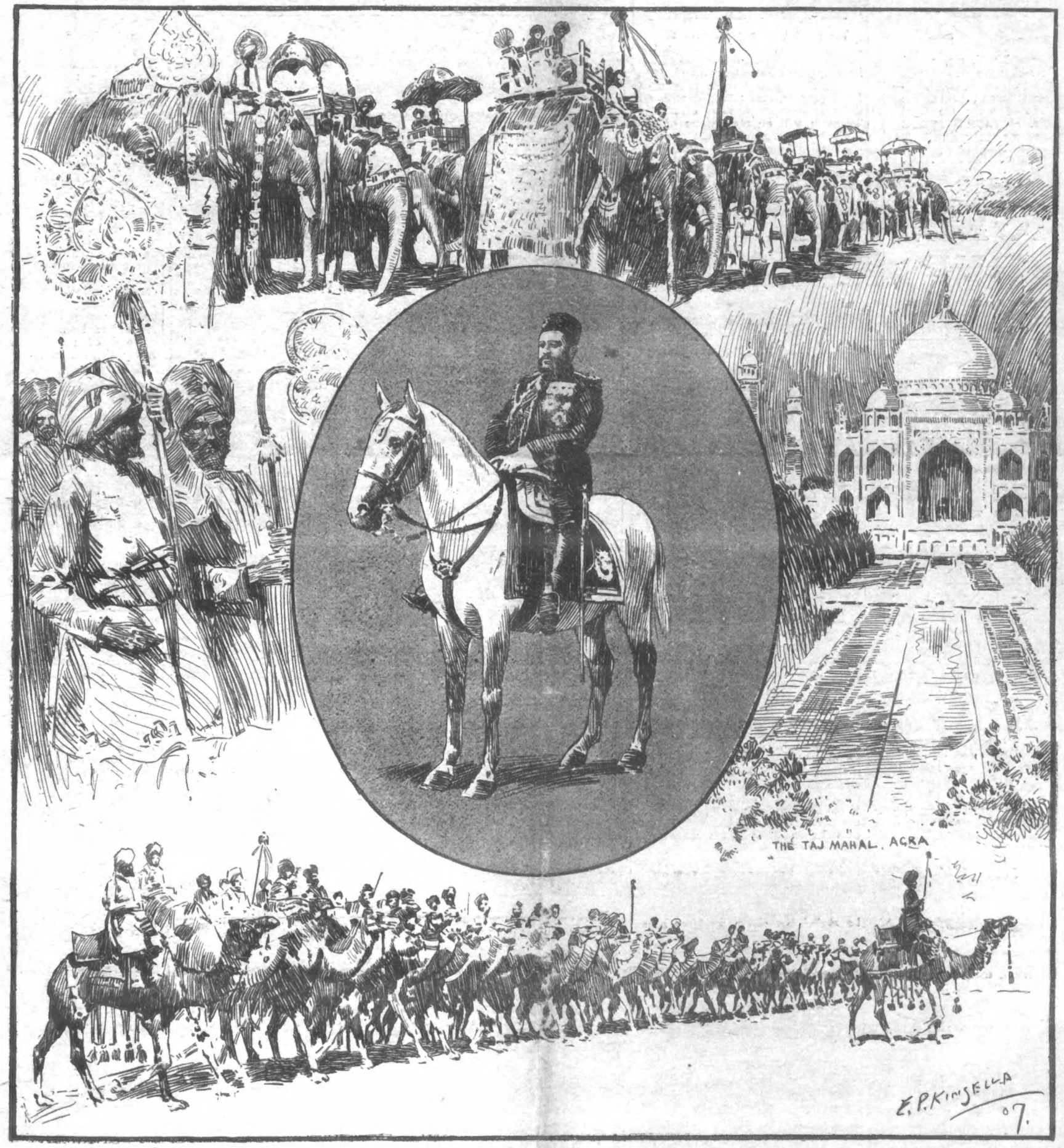
All the News of the Week in Pictures.



THE RULER OF AFGHANISTAN.

The Ameer Habibullah Khan is making his first visit to India. Apart from its political importance as indicating the Afghan ruler's close friendship with the British Government, the visit is also of great interest to the vast Mahometan population of India, for he is one of the heads of the Moslem world. A retinue of 1500 persons accompanies the Ameer, whose baggage is carried by no fewer than 2000 camels. He enters India laden with presents for all with whom he is brought in official contact. The gift to be handed to the Viceroy for despatch to the King is stated to be of great value.

The portrait of the Ameer is from a photograph by Johnson and Hoffman—the only one in existence.

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From MR. JOHN PERT, Baker, Spital, near Windsor. 18/7/06.

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TO MOTHERS.

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Photo, Park.

Father of the Post Office Telephones. Sir John Gavey, C.B., who will shortly retire from the G.P.O.

THE RULER OF AFGHANISTAN.

"Our Friend the Ameer."

We shall hear a good deal of the Ameer of Afghanistan during the next few weeks, in the course of the imposing tour he is to make through India, accompanied by a retinue of 1,500 persons, and attended with all manner of pomp and ceremony. There is still an atmosphere of the mediæval surrounding the Ameer, despite his passion for motor-cars, photographs, and other baubles of Western civilisation. For example, the other day three offenders were buried alive by his orders, and several criminals had their eyes gouged out. Four captured brigands were penned in cages and slung up in the principal thoroughfare of Kabul. One man who had slandered his neighbour over a matter of religion was blown from the mouth of a cannon.

His Matrimonial Amenities.

Equally bizarre are the Ameer's marital relations. He was married

Photo, Russell.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hedworth Lambton, K.C.V.O., C.B., who has been promoted to Admiral of the Fleet.

to seven wives when still in his teens, but he recently reduced the number to three, at the same time proclaiming by beat of drum that no one of his subjects should have more than four wives, and that all wives in excess of four should be divorced. The eldest of his present wives is of a fierce and jealous temperament, and she killed with her own hands three slaves whom she found flirting with the Ameer. At the beginning of this year the Ameer inaugurated an interesting new order of honour for women. It provided that whenever any lady of high rank visits the Ameer's harem she shall be styled the sister, aunt, or other relation of his Highness, and afterwards known by that title. The

Photo, Russell.

The Duke of Teck, who is a very keen soldier and "roughed it" in the South African War. See story on this page.

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

Afghans consider themselves fortunate in having this means of becoming intimately associated with royalty.

A Pen Portrait.

Habibullah Khan, to give him his correct title ("Ameer" merely means "ruler"), is now in his thirty-fifth year, and has just celebrated the fifth anniversary of his ascent of the throne in succession to his father, Abdur Rahman. In appearance he is tall above the common, with a typical Afghan face and dark, flashing eyes of peculiar power. He is quiet and thoughtful in manner, and rather slow of speech. Education, as we understand it, he has but little, but he has a very thorough grasp of the affairs of his kingdom and upon Asiatic politics generally. He has a very fierce anger that is very quickly roused, and it is only a short time ago since he had one of his leading generals blown from a cannon for some minor offence. The chief object of his visit to India is to study the native army, of which he is a great admirer, and he hopes, as far as possible, to model his own army on the same lines. Like most of his race, he is an excellent shot, and is very fond of big game hunting.

And His Cicerone.

To Sir Henry McMahon falls the delicate task of superintending the arrangements for the Ameer's tour through India, and he will be attached to the Ameer's suite for that purpose. A better choice could scarcely have been made, as Sir Henry is reputed to possess a better knowledge of the interior of Asia and its affairs than any other Indian Civil servant. Sir Henry first came into public notice in 1890, when he was appointed Political Officer to the Kundur Mission, and acquitted himself with considerable credit in a position where failure might easily have resulted. He was in charge of the Seistan Boundary Commission two years ago, when his labours probably averted a war between Afghanistan and Persia, and for this he received his knighthood. His present position is that of British Agent in Baluchistan. He is a personal friend of the Ameer, who has great confidence in his abilities. In India Sir Henry McMahon is known as one of the most intrepid of big game hunters, and he has had adventures enough in one direction and another to fill several books. He is only a little over forty, and in his younger days carried off the Sword of Honour at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

In honour of the King of Denmark's visit to London in the coming spring, it has been decided to give a Danish theatrical performance at one of the London theatres with an exclusively Danish cast. The Danish Minister at the Court of St. James, M. Bille, is president of the committee, and the prima-donna of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, Mme Betty Hennings, is likely to assist. Queen Alexandra will be present at the performance, which is to be a matinee. Our photo shows Mme. Betty Hennings.

Photo, Mill's.

General Booth, who, in conjunction with the "Daily Express," has founded an Anti-suicide Bureau.

The Duke and the Mules.

It is officially announced that the Duke of Teck has been granted the substantive rank of Major in his regiment, the 1st Life Guards, where there has been a general move up consequent upon the retirement from the command of Colonel T. C. P. Calley, C.B., and the promotion of Lord Bingham to lead the premier cavalry regiment. The Duke of Teck earned his brevet rank of major very quickly for his services in South Africa during the early stages of the war, where he got through a lot of hard work well and uncomplainingly. In this connection an amusing little incident happened in a hastily improvised mess at Wynburg. One of those present was cursing his luck at being kept on the lines of communication instead of getting a post on one of the Staffs. He declared that unless a man had no end of social influence in the Army there was no chance of ever showing what he was made of, and a lot more to the same effect. Presently there entered a dust-begrimed and generally untidy officer, who sank tiredly into a chair and listened quietly to all the grumbler had to say. When he had finished the newcomer joined in and said: "I quite agree. I often think if I had only come of a fairly good family I might have got a better job than the one they have pushed me on to." "What is that?" asked the previous speaker. "Handling a lot of the worst-tempered mules that ever drove a man to profanity and strong drink," was the reply. "That sounds rotten. Who are you, anyhow?" Me? Oh merely the Duke of Teck," was the quiet response, while those around hugely enjoyed the joke.

Photo, Russell.

The Duke of Abruzzi, the famous explorer, whose lecture at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday was attended by His Majesty the King.

Photo, Russell.

Capt. E. A. Simons, A.D.C. to the King, who has been appointed a Rear-Admiral.

KING·PETER'S PRODIGAL·SON

MADCAP CROWN·PRINCE OF·SERVIA'S ECCENTRIC ADVENTURES.

PRINCE GEORGE has disappointed all who, on his father's accession to the Servian throne, had unlimited faith in him. So late as 1905, on his coming of age, he was Servia's hope, and at the big banquet held in celebration of his birthday, King Peter said: "My dear son, my joy at your birth, eighteen years ago, was great. To-day, when you enter the officers' corps of my brave army, my pride is greater. With the help of Providence you will one day inherit the Servian throne, and will be the highest officer in the army in which you to-day step as lieutenant." All his father's solicitude has been wasted, and to-day restless Servia is seeking everywhere for a creditable successor to the reigning monarch. The Prince's exploits are so wildly barbaric, they suggest that madness has overtaken the one-time nervous page of the St. Petersburg corps. His treatment of his tutor, the courteous French officer, Major Levasseur, recalls the outbreaks of the early Roman Cæsars rather than the son of a twentieth-century European monarch.

The King and the Old-Fashioned Strap.

The sudden accession of dignity seems to have turned the Prince's head, and to have made him regardless of public opinion. A couple of years ago he grew enamoured of a prima-donna who did not discourage the advances of the young Prince. Day after day he drove before the balcony of her house, bowing elaborately, to the astonishment of the staring public. The last straw was reached when he made half-a-dozen visits of admiration in the one day, and this youthful indiscretion reached the ears of his father, King Peter, who forthwith applied a corrective, in the shape of a strap, and for a time the madcap Prince was considerably chastened. But only for a time. A few weeks afterwards he and the actress disappeared, and, after a fortnight's search, were discovered and brought back by the King's secretary.

A Mock Marriage.

His next exploit was a mock marriage. He fascinated the only daughter of General Mastitics, an able Minister of the Court, who in no way discouraged their acquaintanceship. At last the Prince persuaded Mlle. Mastitics to wed him secretly at his hunting-box in the Forest of Nish, and the marriage was "solemnly" performed by three of his friends masquerading as priest and witnesses. The "honeymoon" over, the duped girl was returned to her disconsolate and sorrowing father, who had vainly tried to discover the whereabouts of his vanished daughter.

The Crown Prince has great ideas of dignity. When his father last celebrated his birthday, the Prince refused to attend the dinner because his sister was selected to sit opposite the King. His dignity would not allow him to appear in the face of this slight.

The Tutor's Terror.

Major Levasseur has perhaps suffered more than most people with whom the Prince has come in contact. On several occasions, however, he has more than held his own. When first appointed tutor to the Prince that worthy, to test his tutor's mettle, induced him to accompany him on a ride, and then led him through quagmire and brushwood, up hill and down dale, until obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion. The Prince turned and was surprised to find Major Levasseur reined up at his elbow calmly surveying the horizon. Finding no remonstrance forthcoming, he suggested that they should dismount and wait until the equerries came up. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and said: "Of course, if your Royal Highness is tired." The Prince bit his lip and acknowledged himself beaten. But the Major did not always get off so easily. A year ago the Prince led him a wild gallop in the country, during which the Major fell and severely injured his arm. A waggon drawn by oxen barred the way. Putting spurs to his horse the Prince cleared the oxen, but his horse's hoofs injured the back of one of them. The waggoner was handsomely rewarded for the accident, and then the Major was invited to come on, with the disastrous result recorded above.

How the Prince Got Rid of his Tutor.

The Crown Prince has no desire to learn, and for this reason determined to part with his tutor at his earliest opportunity. He sent the Major insulting messages by grooms, and poured jugfuls of water into his trunks, spoiling many valuable military uniforms. When the Major protested the Prince threatened to strike him. Then he tore up the Major's books, and finally threw a water carafe at his head. The arrival of King Peter put an end to the disgraceful scene. The result of this outbreak was the departure of Major Levasseur, and the imprisonment of the Crown Prince in a fortress, from which he promptly escaped by scaling a wall. With an officer after him he took to his heels and ran until he reached the King's apartments. Breathlessly Prince and pursuer entered the Royal presence, and the Crown Prince volubly but vainly protested against the indignity of his imprisonment, for he was sent back to the fortress.

The Prince and the Privato.

Once, when the Prince was passing the palace guard, he asked one of the soldiers for his rifle. The man refused, whereupon the young autocrat asked the private if he knew to whom he was speaking. The soldier answered: "Your Royal Highness, I would sooner give up my life than my arms. My orders are not to abandon them, even if the King himself should order me to do so." "And what if I take them by force?" asked the Prince. "I shall shoot," replied the soldier, and dropping his rifle from the "present arms," he held it to the "ready." Prince George reported the incident to his father, who ordered the soldier to be brought before him, and, to the Prince's surprise and chagrin, rewarded him for his obedience.

The Prince and his Double.

Once a soldier, whose likeness to King Peter's heir was remarkable, played a trick on the Mayor of Oberenovats which recalls the exploit of the never-to-be-forgotten Captain Koepenick. With a companion he was entertained and fêted, and it was not until the mayor heard that the real Crown Prince was in Belgrade that he discovered he had been the victim of a hoax. The idea of a common soldier being mistaken for the Crown Prince so nettled Prince George that he resolved to ride with an escort to Oberenovats, and show the mayor the difference between a real Royal Prince and an adventurer. Unfortunately, the mayor had been made the butt of the district, and had received no fewer than 1,000 picture postcards bearing the real Prince's portrait; when, therefore, Prince George arrived, the mayor had a lurking suspicion that another joke was in progress at his expense. Instead of receiving the Royal visitor, he curtly desired him to wait while he telephoned to Belgrade. The Crown Prince, highly incensed, rode off vowing vengeance on the "pig-headed parvenu," as he called him; but by the time he reached the palace his temper had cooled, and the serenity of the mayoral outlook was undisturbed.

The Prince and the Press.

After the Crown Prince had cuffed the ears of Dr. Dinie, King Peter's private secretary, and the King's first adjutant, Davidovie, the Continental

Continued on page 21

The Crown Prince of Servia has, according to the "Zeit," during his 19 years of life, fallen in and out of love with at least twenty ladies—mostly actresses. On one occasion, it is said, seeing a photograph of Mlle. Lauret, of the L'Europeen, in a Belgrade photographer's shop window, the Prince then and there inquired her name, and within an hour had sent her, by registered post, a formal proposal of marriage! Other actresses whose charms have captured the heart of Servia's amorous Prince are Mlle. Faya, a stage favourite in Paris and Madrid, and the twin sisters Irma and Vera Rudkovska, both popular and clever dancers, well-known throughout the Continent of Europe. All these ladies, says Belgrade gossip, have received one or more proposals of marriage from King Peter's eccentric son and heir.

The top photograph shows Prince George of Servia. On the left, Mlle. Vera Rudkovska; on the right, her twin sister, Irma.

In the centre, Mlle. Lauret.

Below, Mlle. Faya.

TERRIBLE GALE DISASTER:
Ryde Lifeboat Upset.

RYDE LIFEBOAT UPSET.

During the gale which raged last week disaster overtook the Ryde lifeboat, and two brave members of the crew lost their lives.

It appears that about 5.30 on New Year's Day the Ryde lifeboat was launched and went in search of a man who had drifted off in a boat from the end of Ryde Pier.

The lifeboat went as far as the Warner Lightship, and searched round the Spithead forts, but could find no trace of the boat of which they were in search. The crew then commenced to beat back in the face of the storm. When they were within about two hundred yards of Ryde Pier, about eight o'clock, a sudden squall came up and capsized the boat, throwing all the crew into the turbulent and icy waters.

It is stated that the boat failed to right itself, which seems to be a remarkable circumstance, as she was new and thoroughly up to date.

The men, fortunately, managed to hang on to the life-lines and keel of the upturned craft, and in this perilous position they commenced to drift away from the shore. Caught by the violence of the storm, the boat was quickly carried towards Spithead and in the direction of Southsea beach. The men were buffeted by the heavy seas, and were so numbed by the extreme cold that they were terribly exhausted when the lights of Southsea were visible.

When about a quarter of a mile from the shore two of the unfortunate men were so numbed that they had to release their hold, and were drowned. The rest reached the shore safely.

REBELLIOUS BABIES CHRISTENED: Miss Marie Studholme christening the two baby elephants, "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee" at Olympia. The ceremony was to have taken place at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, but the elephants objected to the journey, so it was performed at home.

PORTSMOUTH WHARF ON FIRE.

Government Property Destroyed.

There was a big fire at the Gun Wharf, Portsmouth, last week.

The outbreak occurred late at night in the camp equipment stores, which lie near the Armoury, close to the town.

Fanned by a strong wind, the fire quickly assumed alarming proportions, and thousands of pounds' worth of stores were soon consumed.

Fire parties from ships in harbour and the dockyard and town fire brigades worked at high pressure to confine the conflagration to the locale of the outbreak, but, although partly successful in this, the fire was blazing furiously in the early hours of the morning.

The fire presented a magnificent spectacle, great tongues of flame leaping hundreds of feet into the air. There was no chance of any of the property so far attacked being saved, and as a strong wind drove the flames over the Gun Wharf wall and the harbour, the conflagration assumed serious dimensions.

The Pantomime at Woolwich.

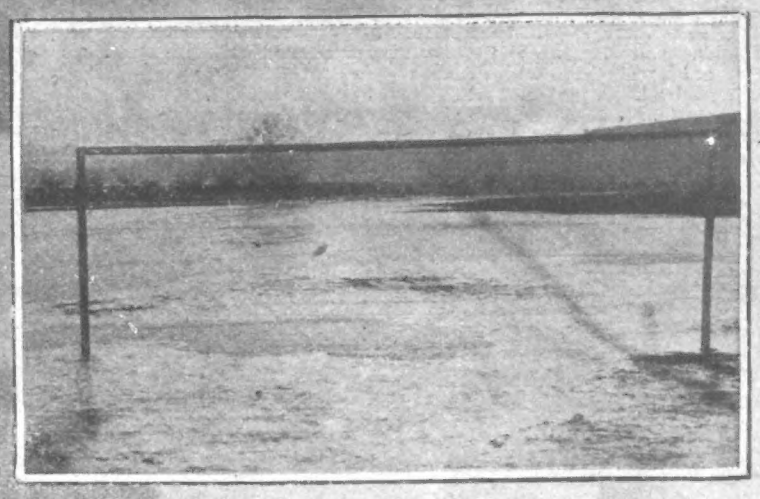
One of the liveliest features of the "Babes in the Wood" pantomime at the Grand, Woolwich, is strong antipathy to the municipal money-spenders. The two robbers are named Raitz and Taxis, and when their villainy is detected they are sentenced never again to rise to more than five shillings in the pound. The parts scintillate with fun, and the Brothers Harrison, who take them, are the life and soul of the show.

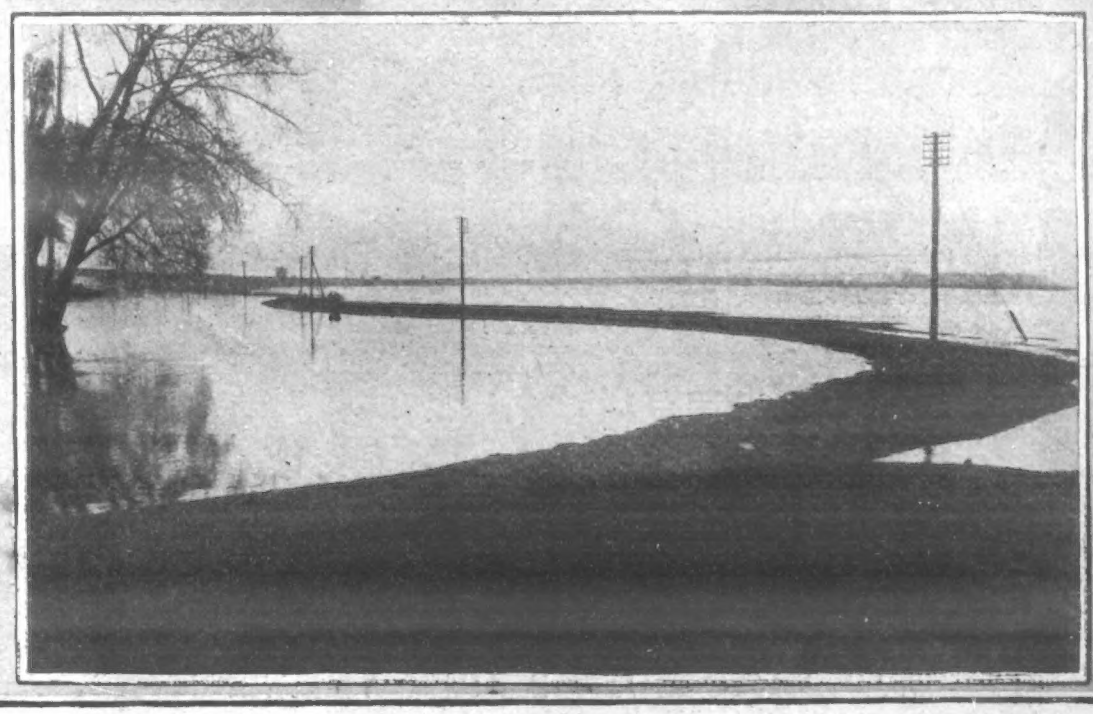
Photo, Russell.

Terrific Fire at a Portsmouth Gun Wharf

OUR RECORD WINTER.

SNOW & ICE FOLLOWED BY HEAVY FLOODS THROUHOUT THE COUNTRY.





Photos, Illustrations Bureau and Martin.

Our illustrations show a number of fields, including a football ground, under deep water on Hackney Marshes and Watford, and the high-roads which have been inundated at Llangollen in Wales.

KING PETER'S PRODIGAL SON.

(Continued from page 19.)

Press began to doubt the sanity of the headstrong youth, and this attitude brought forth a number of official denials. How these denials were brought about has just come to light. When the Prince heard of the reports he became wildly excited, and, picking up a horse-whip, rushed into the apartments of the Prime Minister, shouting: "Is it true that you dogs intend locking up your future master? I will kill you, crush you under foot, you *canaille!*" Then M. Pasitch, the Premier, with the Prince's whip cutting the air as a gentle hint of what opposition might expect, drafted and dispatched the official denials. Then with further flourishes of his formidable whip, the Prince shouted: "These Swabian and Hungarian dogs shall eat their words."

Wild Escapades.

An exploit of the Prince's which shocked even Servia was his wild attack on the Convent of the Blessed Trinity, three miles outside the capital. Accompanied by three dissolute companions, he drove, in the small hours, from a Belgrade *café* to the convent gate and immediately began to batter for admittance. A faithful hound gave the alarm, and the Mother Superior, hastily donning her robes, hurried down, to find the door burst open and four young uniformed officers with unsheathed swords clamouring to make a tour of the convent. At the feet of one lay the dying dog, stabbed by one of the quartet. Since this profane intrusion the convent has been reconsecrated by the Metropolitan. Another outburst of the Prince's culminated in his ejection from a Belgrade music-hall, after climbing on to the stage and making public love to the "star" actress, and flinging a bottle of champagne at the conductor of the orchestra. He has also shot a young Macedonian, destroying his sight—"an unfortunate accident" was the official description; and he has threatened private soldiers with a huge army revolver because they have refused to obey some mad request. With so terrible a record there is little to be surprised at in the fact that the Government of Servia are looking abroad for a successor to King Peter.

PERSONALITIES.

King Carlos of Portugal, it is stated, smokes from forty to fifty cigars a day.

King Frederick takes his nightly suppers of bread and milk.

Mr. Keir Hardie once surprised the House of Commons by appearing in sandals.

Mme. Bernhardt has a freak beast—half-leopard, half wild cat—which leaps playfully at her visitors. It ate Sardou's hat, and bit a piece out of the back of Bernhardt's neck.

The Queen af Denmark has the distinction of being the tallest Queen in Europe. Her height is 6ft. 2in.

The Crown Princess of Roumania is the most beautiful woman of Continental Royalties.

General Miles, the "Bobs" of America, once when fighting under a tropical sun, was driven by thirst to open a vein in his arm to moisten his parched lips with his own blood.

Princess Victoria is one of the best-loved members of the Royal Family, and the most athletic of our Princesses.

Lady Sarah Wilson acted as a war correspondent in the South African war, was in Mafeking during the siege, and was taken prisoner by one of the Boer generals.

Mr. John Jacob Astor once donned a working man's cap and jacket and drove a locomotive engine drawing a car filled with millionaires, and accomplished the journey of ninety miles at sixty-two miles per hour.

The present Queen of Denmark was herself, at the time of her marriage, the richest Princess in the world.

Mme. Curie is generally conceded the honour of being the cleverest woman in the world.

Lord Lovat is regarded as one of the best sword dancers in Scotland.

The Tsarina of Russia is said, by people who know her well, to be very shy, and to usually sit with her eyes cast down.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Much praise and not a little flattery have been showered on the South Africans, who are about to embark on their return voyage and let it be at once said that the "Springbokken" deserved all the nice things said and written of them, for they showed themselves not only exceptionally fine Rugby footballers, but real good sportsmen. They did not descend to trickery to gain their big victories, and doubtless the lessons learned from them will be taken to heart by home players and legislators as well. As I have previously stated, they turned out a far better combination than we were led to suppose, though perhaps hardly up to the super-excellent standard of the world-famous "All Blacks." That the Africans should have wound up their tour with a defeat on a mud-heap at Cardiff was regrettable, but, on the other hand, a word of praise must be accorded the Welshmen for the admirable display that they gave under such terribly trying conditions.

Rugby football is regaining popularity with a vengeance. The New Zealanders brought about the commencement of the "revival"; then an international match with France was instituted last year; this season the South Africans have kept the ball merrily rolling; and now an application from Australia to send a team over here has had to be considered and refused. Meanwhile some of the Northern Union clubs are under a cloud, and there are more unlikely things than some of them seeking for readmission to the Rugby Union fold. Whether they would be received is another matter. One thing, however, is certain—amateurism has gained a tremendous lift-up by the events of the past two seasons.

England put a representative fifteen into the field against France at Richmond last Saturday, a course of action which led to diverse opinions. Personally, I think they were right, not for the reason that there was any danger of defeat if a weaker team had opposed the Frenchmen, but because of the near approach to the other internationals. Our visitors from over the Channel had their first experience of a great match on English soil, and, though they got badly beaten at the finish, they did sufficiently well during the game to warrant the assumption that in future years they will make the best opponents "gallop." They were light compared with the English; indeed, their full back, Isaac, was a midget, who looked like being overwhelmed by the burly Anglian forwards. But he came out of the ordeal with flying colours, and was one of the players singled out for special praise in a scene of enthusiasm after the game.

The fact that England scored thirteen points before the Frenchmen opened their account, and that the latter had drawn level by the interval, speaks much for the pluck of our visitors. True, Lee had retired hurt, and England played without a full back from that point until after half-time; nevertheless, the Frenchmen showed that they could take advantage of opportunities. Moreover, in a chat I had with the French captain at the Empire during the evening, I was told that for some twenty minutes Laccassagne, one of the half-backs, was so dazed by a blow that he knew little of what was going on. Yet he did not leave the field—the occasion was too important!

It was evident in the second half that the previous efforts of the French team had taken much of the steel out of them. They persevered to the bitter end, but the superiority of the English told its inevitable tale, and in the end victory went to the home country by six goals (one dropped) four tries (forty-one points) to three goals (one a penalty) (thirteen points). The try-getters for the winners were Lambert (five), Wedge, Shrewring, Birkett, and Slocock. Basil Hill converted five of the tries, and Birkett dropped a goal. Muhr and Communeau obtained the tries for the losers, and Maclos kicked the three goals. The last-named is a grand place-kick.

To-morrow (Saturday) England will have a much more serious proposition, for they meet Wales at Swansea. The whole of the English pack that did duty at Richmond have been again selected, but at half-back Wedge gives way to Jago, who has better experience. The three-quarter line is not quite satisfactory, and there are people who quibble at the selection of E. Jackett for the full back position. English Rugby has improved recently, but whether our team will be able to defeat Wales is a moot point.

Rugby is of such importance this week that comments on Association games must be curtailed. In the first division of the League there were some surprises, and Woolwich Arsenal suffered in one of them. Of course, with such material as Middlesbrough have at command they have no business to be so close to the bottom of the list, but nobody expected the Arsenal goal to be captured five times, even though Batcup was deputising for Ashcroft. But Bloomer came out in his best form, and there was no stopping him. Four out of the five fell to his deadly shooting, and, as the Arsenal could only muster three goals, Middlesbrough won by 5—3.

Aston Villa also disappointed their admirers in only making a draw of two goals each with Sunderland at Aston, while Everton, the present leaders of the League, shared the points, at one goal each, with North End at Preston. Newcastle United, on the other hand, entertained Birmingham, whom they defeated by two clear goals, and it will be a surprise to me if the Novocastrians are long kept out of premier position.

Both the Sheffield clubs won their matches, the United beating Bolton Wanderers by 2—1 at Bramall Lane, and the Wednesday returned home from Manchester with a victory of 1—0 over the City. Bristol City had the advantage of playing on their own ground against Stoke, and they quite smothered the Pottery team by four goals to nil. Bury had a goal the better of Derby County, and Blackburn Rovers accomplished a good performance by beating Liverpool by 2—0.

Both London's second division clubs, Clapton Orient and Chelsea, won their matches, the former beating Hull City and the Stamford Bridge club—who are now bang on top of their division—proving too good for Blackpool. Burnley also gained a notable victory over Leicester Fosse.

The great feature of the Southern League matches was the splendid form of Millwall against Watford. To score ten goals in any match is a performance that deserves more than passing notice, but it is an exceptional feat when two clubs of first-class rank are trying conclusions. However, Millwall accomplished it last Saturday, the only consolation left to the Hertfordshire club being that they managed to score once themselves.

CRICKET.

Everybody connected with cricket will deplore the early death of Walter W. Read, undoubtedly the finest amateur batsman that Surrey ever produced. Mr. Read, who was only fifty-one years old, had been ailing for some time, but until last week fatal results were not feared. However, the great cricketer passed away at his residence at Addiscombe last Sunday, leaving a widow and three daughters to mourn his loss. He began his career with Surrey in 1873, but it was not until 1881 that he could play regularly. From that time he was one of the mainstays of the county, some of his performances being remarkable. The best was his 117 for England at the Oval in 1884. He was placed tenth on the batting list, but when he took his stand he punished the Australian bowling mercilessly while Scotton kept his end up. Mr. Read's highest score was 338, made against Oxford University in 1888. In the previous year he compiled 247 against Lancashire, and 244 not out against Cambridge University. He it was who perfected the "pull stroke," though he told the writer that he did not regard this stroke—as he played it—as a "pull," but rather as a square-leg hit. As a fieldsman at point he had few superiors, and his lob-bowling was frequently of great use to his side.

REIGATE HURDLE RACE: Over the last jump.

CRAWLEY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE: Over the water. Sexton, winner, on left.

JEWELS OF SOCIETY LADIES.

(See page 27.)

The Duchess, however, does not often wear her costliest jewels. The great diamond crown, which was one of Mr. Vanderbilt's gifts to his daughter, has not been worn half-a-dozen times in as many years. Last year Her Grace added considerably to her store of jewels, and had reset some wonderful gems given her by Mrs. Belmont. These included a necklace formed of two rows of single stone diamonds, crossing in a point in front, and held together with a ring of beautiful rubies, one of which alone is worth £10,000. Other owners of splendid rubies are the Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (who possesses some of the finest in the world), the Countess of Dudley, the Countess of Stradbroke, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Arthur James, and Lady Wimborne, who often wears a famous single stone of great value, known as the "Hope" ruby.

Ropes of Pearls.

Lady Iveagh's valuable collection includes a superb three-row necklace of pearls. Her pearls are worth over £70,000, and took Lord Iveagh a long time to collect. The Countess of Dudley also owns some lovely pearls, but it is not true, as a well-known journal says, that she "sleeps in her ropes of pearls to preserve their sheen." Lady Dudley, who is a clever designer, has invented some pretty patterns in artistic jewellery. Her ruby and diamond tiara is an exceptionally beautiful one. The Duchess of Portland owns a curious collection of diamond horses. Each time the Duke's stable is victorious, he presents his wife with a diamond horse.

Headgear of Diamonds.

Diamond headgear and shoulder straps have been fashionable of late years. The Duchess of Rutland has several times worn a net of diamonds, and the beautiful Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew wears a bandeau of brilliants. Diamond shoulder-straps are worn by Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Marlborough, and the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest. Mrs. Ivor Guest has worn as a charming substitute for the orthodox tiara a pair of diamond leaves, the tips of the leaves meeting above her brow.

Emeralds and Opals.

Glorious emeralds are the pride of the jewel-cases of many well-known women, among others the Countess of Londesborough, Countess of Carnarvon, Lady Sherborne, whose emeralds were once the property of the late Princess Mary Duchess of Teck, Lady Ludlow, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, and Lady Arthur Paget. Opals, once deemed unlucky, are fast returning to favour. Countess Beauchamp owns a complete paruro of opals set in diamonds, and Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson is another wearer of the "October" jewel. Sapphires are always popular. Georgina Countess of Dudley has a splendid set of sapphires and diamonds, and Mrs. D'Arcy possesses a notable necklace of diamonds and huge, square sapphires.

The Finest Diamonds.

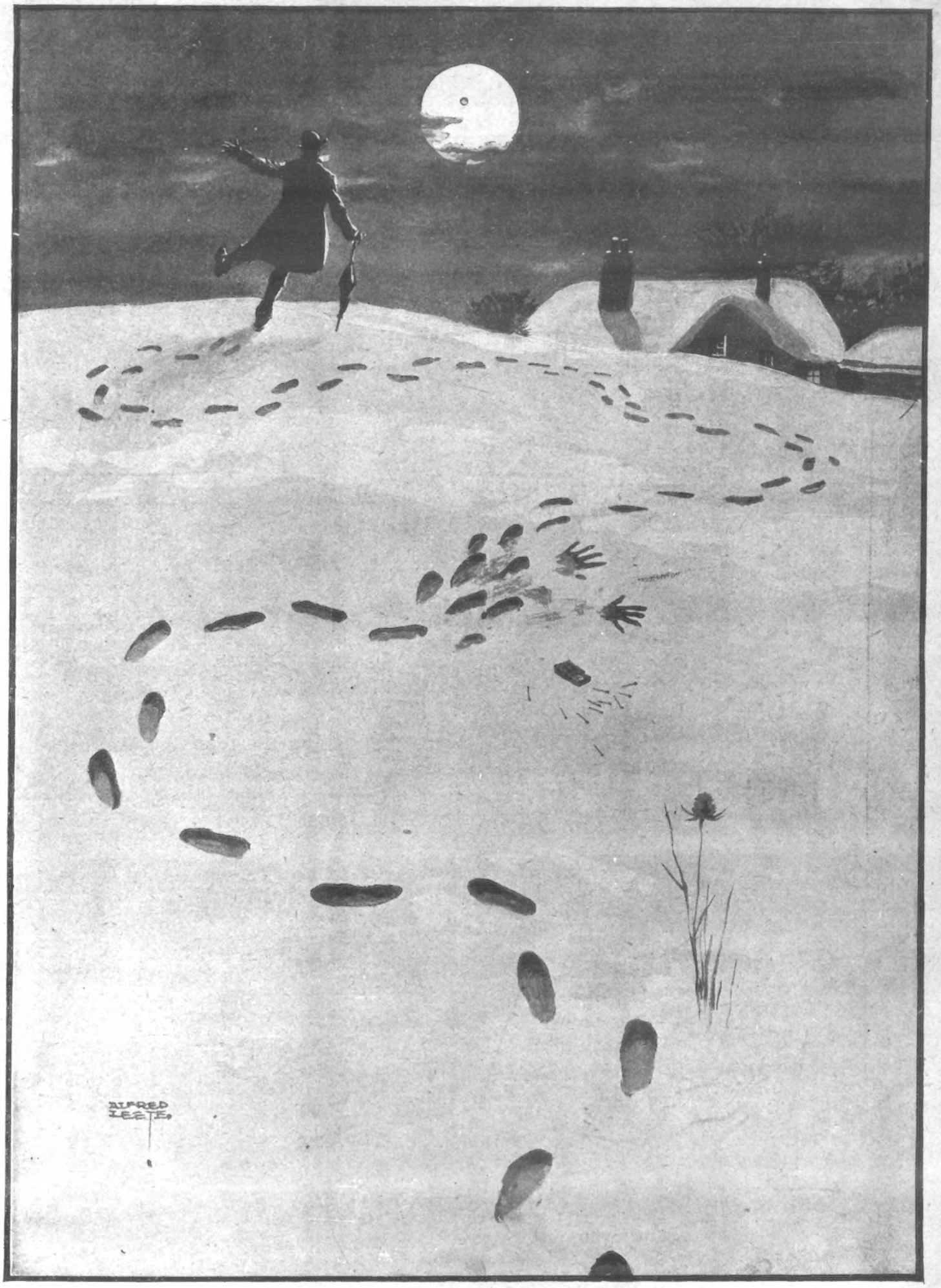
Turquoises are less valuable, but have a beauty all their own. Princess Henry of Pless, the Marchioness Camden, the Countess of Wicklow, Lady Hothfield, and Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck all have magnificent turquoises. The finest single diamonds known to the world of Mayfair society are the "Star of South Africa," which belongs to the Countess of Dudley; a great diamond called the "Neska," worn by the Duchess of Westminster; and a big square stone, worth £10,000, which shines in the all-round crown of the Duchess of Portland.

Patti and Melba.

The two Queens of Song, Mme. Patti and Mme. Melba, have grand collections of jewels. When Mme. Patti appeared as La Traviata at Covent Garden in June, 1895, she wore a dress adorned with jewels and precious stones to the value of £200,000. It cost her £800 to have them set and arranged in the dress. The worth of the jewels owned by the great singer is estimated at half a million sterling. Among them is a crown of gold presented to the diva by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir when she sang for charity in St. Petersburg in 1904. Melba's jewels, pearls, and precious stones are beyond price. In her travels she is accompanied by an ex-Scotland Yard detective, whose sole duty is to keep his eye on her jewellery.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THEY TRACED HIS LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW!



Drawn by Alfred Leete.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Seasonable Cultural Notes.

There are some vegetable crops for table and market consumption which produce best and most profitably if got into the ground as early in the year as possible. Onions, parsnips, broad beans, and peas stand out as the most important of these. The broad bean starts away most strongly in spring when autumn sown. Few people, however, seem to care about autumn sowing, and it certainly has some drawbacks. The bean-beetle scare put the broad bean out of the market some years ago, and, in fact, we seldom see a crop of broad beans in flower even now that has not got the black pest infecting them. Earliest sown beans escape it best. Soaking the seed overnight in warm water and paraffin will bring the living beetles out of their nesting holes under the skin of the beans, and they can then be destroyed. It is a pity that that very finest of all broad beans, the Seville long pod, is always thus infected. Broad beans should be sown in deep, strong soil, with the dung dug down into the second spit—that is, if one may insist on having a really heavy crop. Thus grown they pay well. Onions require surface feeding and a good depth of porous soil as well. To pay they should have at their service plenty of cheap, boy or girl, labour. Parsnips are a most paying crop where the land is deep and rich. Nothing but thorough trenching and digging down well-rotted dung or spent hotbed manure will suit them perfectly. Under such conditions one may expect a crop that will pay well. They cannot be got in too early, nor be hoed too often, nor be thinned too soon after the broad leaf has formed. Old celery ground suits for parsnips capitally. Peas we gave some early cultural notes of in last week's *P.I.P.* We may add here that even in the lightest soils, wherever turf sods from the hedgesides can be obtained and be laid into the bottom of deep trenches for peas, good crops may be compelled. On some very light, hot, gravel-bed soil we used to grow peas for exhibition, and win prizes, too, by making up a compost heap of clay, lime, and manure with which to add bone to our light soil every winter.

Planting.

Many authorities advise to refrain from mid-winter planting on account of the risks. If, however, one has got the planting stock on the premises, then take the first favourable opportunity of planting it. We like to have all the holes dug out, and the fine soil laid ready to shovel in; and we always provide a heap of still finer and drier soil to use in covering up the finer roots. Planting nearer the surface than formerly is now much practised. If the land be not deep, or if it should have a bad subsoil—clay, chavic, or gravel-surface—plant one must. Staking newly-planted stock is advisable where surface planting is followed. A good plan to follow with black currants and raspberries is to run a light rail along each side of the row, and to confine all the fruiting growth within the space of 12in. or so thus given. Then it is possible to crop between the rows. Even with big and overgrown bushes the same plan will serve a good purpose. Should the growth tend to spread sideways, even to threaten to meet the growth of the next bush, so much the better; we cannot have too much fruiting wood so long as we can get at it. We should like to drop some words in block letters here. Never bury torn or bruised roots. You will surely have to pay for it some day! Trim off with a sharp knife or with a clean cut of some kind, every torn or bruised part, root, or stem, of whatever you are planting. Else look out every succeeding season for fine-looking wood dying off suddenly, for canker forming on stem and branches, for fruit shrivelling, and other well-recognised effects of fungoid action on diseased roots and underground parts.

More Work for 1907.

There is a lot of money in ducklings. Have you tried them? It needs only a shed in the back yard where they can be kept dry and warm on clean straw, and where the rats cannot get at them, and one may rear ducklings all the year round. The Rouen, the Pekin, and the Aylesbury are the most useful varieties for rearing ducklings for market from. Then one requires broody hens, or incubators for hatching. Broody hens are just now rather scarce. A good practice to get the hens to come on broody is to feed them high—*i.e.*, with meat and with highly-seasoned food given in barley-meal. The Asiatic fowls—Cochins, Brahmas, Langshans, etc.—will all sit readily if so handled. Meantime, get in a stock of ducks, if none be at hand, and get them on to lay as soon as may be. Stock ducks require a pond of water; they can, as a matter of fact, be kept so as to produce fertile eggs without water to swim in, but it is best to indulge Nature when possible. Ducklings do not require water. They grow fastest and lay on flesh most surely when kept shut up, and fed as many times, day and night, as we can make it convenient. Feed on barley-meal and oatmeal made sloppy with skim milk, and one may see how they grow at every feed.

Thanks for the Late Frost.

Our orchard trees were beginning to excite our regret that the buds were still so soft, so full of premature promise, or threat, of bursting into leaf and flower. Thanks to the frost they are now safely sealed up, and their coming season will be once again a normal one. Pruning is receiving thoughtful consideration. We have a fine lot of young overgrown trees to deal with, and, although we are not troubled with doubts, we regret having to cut out such a lot of precious young wood as these trees must submit to. There goes half the secret of the value of regular pruning. Summer pruning is, of the two, the most important. It need only, if that be practised, leave us the trouble in winter of cutting out old or overcrowded wood. Anyone who will visit a fruit-growing establishment just now will quickly learn the secret of summer pruning.

Quick Crops.

Someone has been writing in the papers that we are being outdone at every point by foreign-grown stuff. We do not think so. Let us hear of the foreign grower who can out us with green peas! Now, green peas may make three crops off the same plot of ground, or even four by intercropping the rows with rows of peas. We need but three sorts of peas to keep up such a turn-out. One of the best is a first early like the American Wonder to start the season, and to end it. For the middle period Gradus or Sharp's Queen will serve very well. Doubtless there are others that are as good. We sow our earliest three rows or sets of rows at the very earliest date after January 1st that we can seize upon. The middle row will hold the taller-growing sort, and the two outside rows will be dwarfy. By the time the dwarfs are cleared off the tall sort will be in bloom. Then we shall dig some cool dung in deeply where the dwarfs grew and water it heavily, and sow it with tall peas. When the tall rows are cleared off, which they will be the moment the second picking is over, we shall clear that off too, and sow it with dwarf peas. If there should happen to come a wet period towards the end of these pea crops, we shall sow the whole of the 'tween ground with round radishes. Or we may have a bed of seedling lettuces ready to prick out there.

"DARBY AND JOAN."

THE DRAMA

Scenes · tha · in · p

❖ ❖ ❖

Nos. 1 and 2 are scenes from "The Man from Blankley's," showing Mr. Charles Hawtrey and other .

❖ ❖ ❖

No. 5 is a humorous incident from "Toddles," in which Mr. Cyril Maude is seen in his pyjamas and a dressing-gown.

❖ ❖ ❖

No. 6 shows Mr. George Alexander and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "His House in Order."

❖ ❖ ❖

No. 9 is the dramatic scene in a sulphur mine, from "The Bondman."

❖ ❖ ❖

TIC MOMENT.

hat · bring · down · the · house · plays · of · today.

❖ ❖ ❖

Nos. 3 and 4 show Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Evelyn Millard, and others in dramatic episodes in the play "Robin Hood."

❖ ❖ ❖

No. 7 is a scene from Bernard Shaw's clever play "The Doctor's Dilemma."

❖ ❖ ❖

No. 8 and 10 show Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as "Raffles," the amateur cracksman.

❖ ❖ ❖

Photos, Dover Street Studios.

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M.A.P.

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Purveyors by Special Appointment to H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Notes on Dress and Household Matters.

Fancy Dress Balls.

Now is the season of fancy dress balls and parties. There are few children who do not require at least one fancy dress costume during the winter, even if it is only to take part in some school theatricals. With a little ingenuity cheap and effective guises can be manufactured at home. Of course, where expense has to be considered, it may not be possible to go robed as one's favourite character. For instance, it would not be easy to successfully carry out Joan of Arc in her coat of mail by amateur workmanship, nor would a cavalier or a lady of high degree be much less difficult to attempt; but when once the individual choice has been reconciled with something more simple of achievement, there are many charming and becoming costumes which can be both easily and successfully carried out at home by even inexperienced workers. Some of the prettiest of these ideas may not be able to lay claim to originality, but a tiny maiden can hardly be better represented than by a flower, such as a rose, daisy, or buttercup. The frock could be constructed on lines that would make a dainty party frock for ordinary wear, or one that would do duty as summer best when stripped of artificial leaves and blossoms. White net, with a skirt made in three tiers, each tier garlanded with a border of

AN ACTRESS MILLINER.

Miss Millicent Pyne, who was formerly a member of Mrs. D'Oyley Carte's principal touring company, and is now in business at 93 Regent Street.

rose petals stitched one over another, together with a baby bodice, sewn with loose scattered rose leaves, makes a sweet little costume. The same style in pale blue chiffon, bordered with wreaths of forget-me-nots, makes an ideal Forget-me-not. Buttercups would look well for a dark child or young girl in pale yellow washing silk, with a deep hem sewn with upstanding buttercups. The same frock sewn with ears of wheat and poppies could represent a cornfield, while, in pale green silk with buttercups and daisies, it might stand for a meadow.

Character Costumes.

PRINCE CHARMING makes a dainty costume for a tiny boy, carried out in pale blue and pale pink sateen. The tiny knickerbockers and tunic can be easily contrived by any mother who is accustomed to work upon her children's garments. A silk sash tied at the waist, lace collar and cuffs, and a large plumed hat complete the costume. The hat, if an old one, could be covered with sateen, and it is nearly always possible to find a few feathers left over from summer finery which could be cleaned and curled or dyed to meet the occasion. A baker's boy is another easy costume, the only materials required being a few yards of white linen; it is also very cheap. Red Riding Hood is rather overdone for little girls, but many families possess a suitable red cloak, and if so, it makes a very good foundation, being in fact the principal item to represent this character. Little Boy Blue may go in an ordinary pale blue linen suit, and this, with a wide trimmed hat and a horn slung over his shoulder, equips him. Little Bo-Peep must have a white frock with blue and pink ribbons, a flower-wreathed hat, and, of course, a crook plentifully trimmed with streamers.

A Christmas tree may be represented by either a boy or girl at no great expense. The groundwork of the costume must be of dark green in silk, woollen, or cotton material. Upon this all kinds of cheap ornaments may be sewn, such as flags, crackers, stars, tinsel, garlands, and all the other usual trappings which go to adorn a prettily decorated tree. If some of the decorations are attached by means of small pieces of elastic the effect will be very good indeed.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

A PANTOMIME TRAGEDY: Miss Bessie Featherstone, the well-known comedienne, who died during the run of a Newcastle pantomime in which she was taking part.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

MISS DENISE ORME, the popular actress who is appearing with great success in "Les Merveilleuses" at Daly's Theatre.

To Preserve Cut Flowers as long as possible.

A JAPANESE plan, by which cut flowers are made to last an abnormally long time, is to burn the ends of their stems with a piece of wood. Not a match, be it observed, for the sulphur would injure the flowers.

The Japanese say that the virtue in the charring plan lies in the fact that through the burnt end the water is able to penetrate the stem, and thus the life of the flower is sustained. Whatever the reason one is glad to know of anything which will preserve the life of flowers, especially at this time of year, and the Japanese are such lovers of flowers that all they may tell us about the care of them is worthy of attention.

Children's Teeth.

IT is appalling to witness the lazy indifference of many parents to the future of their children. Trifles may determine whether a girl shall marry well, or have to drudge for a livelihood. Only the foolish place reliance on platitudes that deal with the world as it ought to be; the wise see the world as it really is, and act accordingly. Bad teeth spoil any face, and a girl who is their

AN ACTRESS MILLINER.

Miss Mabel Sinclair, once a babe in the "Babes in the Wood," now in partnership with her sister as "Moira" at 18 Green Street, Leicester Square.

unfortunate possessor is handicapped from the outset. This is true not only in regard to her chances of marrying, but equally in regard to her advancement in business life. The good-looking man or woman has an enormous advantage over an unsightly rival. People like to be pleased, and a beautiful face affords pleasure. We cannot all be beautiful; that has been said some thousands of times; but we can avoid the hideousness that springs from downright neglect of duty. When a child's teeth are overcrowded, or irregular, a dentist should be visited.

In this matter there ought to be no delay.

Peri-Lusta Competition.

The work competing in the "Peri-Lusta" Grand Fancy Work Competition is coming in in large quantities, and the proprietors are more than delighted with the beautiful specimens they are receiving. We understand they have been able to make arrangements with Messrs. Jas. Spence and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C., by which the latter firm have agreed to exhibit the pieces of work for which prizes have been awarded in their windows from February 11th to 16th inclusive. Ladies would do well to make a special visit to this shop, which is facing the Cathedral, so that they may have an opportunity of personally inspecting the charming effects which can be obtained with these lustrous threads. They will also find that Messrs. James Spence and Co. keep a full stock of "Peri-Lusta" threads and all the materials necessary for art needlework. Every lady who has sent in a piece of work for the competition will have the names and addresses of the prize-winners forwarded to her by post, after Mrs. Humphry, "Madge" of *Truth*, has had an opportunity of judging the work, which she will do upon as early a date as possible.

THE JEWELLED QUEENS OF EUROPE

WOMEN WHOSE GEMS WOULD BUY FOOD FOR MILLIONS

Jewels of Society Ladies.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S COLLECTION.

That magnificent diamond, the Kohinoor, one of the principal Crown jewels, is always at Queen Alexandra's command, and she wears it as a pendant or brooch at pleasure. Her Majesty's favourite jewels are sapphires, of which she has some fine specimens. She has also a parure of emeralds worth a King's ransom. One of her most treasured possessions is the parure of opals given her by Queen Victoria. The gorgeous necklace of diamonds and pearls which Her Majesty so frequently wears was King Edward's first gift to her. It is of exquisite design, consisting of clusters of diamonds, each centred with an enormous pearl and connected with sparkling diamond links. Pendant from each cluster falls a pear-shaped pearl of great lustre.

King Edward's Gifts.

Another gift of the King is a splendid ruby and diamond cross, given to his consort on their silver wedding. The Queen also greatly prizes the tiara, made of 365 dazzling brilliants (another silver wedding gift), each stone of which was given by a friend. Her Majesty owns a marvellous collection of Indian jewellery, and her pearls are world-famous. Among the pearls is one small gem—a single pearl brooch which is as treasured as any of the larger and finer ornaments. This single pearl was a gift from a Vicereine of Ireland, and it was discovered in an oyster taken from the oyster-beds at Clifden, co. Galway. It is of wonderful lustre, and was beautifully mounted by a Dublin jeweller.

Matchless Amethysts.

Among a large number of crosses, one of which the Queen is particularly found, is Queen Dagmar's cross, an heirloom in the Danish Royal Family, and an exact copy of one made for a Queen Dagmar in the twelfth century. The amethysts owned by Her Majesty are matchless. Occasionally, she has her ornaments reset in the latest fashion. Last year she had some of her stones made into a lovely diamond collar. It is all of diamonds, and running round the middle of the collar is a row of very big single stones. The front falls in a deep point, almost covering the chest in a network of diamonds, and a fringe of cabochon emeralds and brilliants. The effect is very superb.

The Princess of Wales.

The Princess of Wales's jewels are very lovely. She possesses whole parures of different gems. At a certain country-house party she made a point of taking them all with her and wearing the different sets each night at dinner. One night, for instance, she had on no other jewels than her magnificent rubies and diamonds; another night she wore her parure of emeralds; and a third night her beautiful sapphire and diamond ornaments were chosen. Like the Queen, Her Royal Highness is very fond of amethysts, of which she has a noble collection. The Countess of Lichfield possesses a fine set of amethysts, and Adeline Duchess of Bedford wears an ornament of pansies formed of fine cabochon amethysts

The Roxburghe Jewels.

Some of the costliest jewels in the country are owned by the Duchess of Roxburghe. She appeared at a dinner recently with great wings of diamonds in her dark hair. At the Duchess of Devonshire's Diamond Jubilee ball she vied with all the great ladies both in magnificence of costume and splendour of jewels. Even before the vast wealth of jewels was showered upon her on the occasion of her marriage, she possessed the loveliest gems imaginable. Her diamond necklaces were gorgeous, and her bracelets and rings uncountable. Her wedding presents included a splendid diamond stomacher, many diamond necklaces, a wonderful tiara, and a bevy of diamond bracelets from Mrs. Goelet, and diamond crowns from Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Mackay.

Marie Antoinette's Pearls.

Lady Rothschild has a pearl necklace of fabulous value. It consists of a single row of pearls, perfectly graduated, the centre pearl being as big as a marble. The Duchess of Marlborough is the owner of historic pearls—the much-discussed collection which was once the property of Marie Antoinette. Each single pearl in this set is worth £1,000. Mr. Vanderbilt also gave her the famous pearls which once belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia.

(This article is concluded on page 22.)

Our Illustrations.

1.—Wurtemburg's Queen of Pearls.

Queen Charlotte of Wurtemburg, who recently embraced the religious teaching originated by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, is the possessor of a pearl necklace worth £8,000, inherited from her father, the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe.

2.—Portugal's Sapphire Queen.

It is probable that no woman in the world possesses so magnificent a collection of sapphires as Queen Amelia of Portugal. Her ornaments are kept in a huge iron-clamped case, which is deposited for safety in the National Bank at Lisbon.

The necklace which Queen Amelia is seen wearing in the above photograph is composed of huge sapphires and diamonds, and is insured with a British company for no less a sum than £20,000.

3.—Queen Alexandra's Sister Owns One of the Most Magnificent Necklaces in the World.

The most magnificent diamond and emerald necklace in the world is owned by the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is the sister of Queen Alexandra. It is impossible to guess the price that this magnificent piece of jewellery would fetch were it ever offered for sale.

4.—Most Wonderful Pearls in the World.

The Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is, of course, the widow of the late Duke of Edinburgh, is credited with possessing the most marvellous pearls in the world.

In the above photograph the Grand Duchess is seen wearing her priceless pearl necklace and earrings, while perhaps the most valuable pearl in her collection hangs from a brooch in the middle of her corsage

5.—Grand Duchess Whose Gems Would Purchase Enough Food to Feed London for Twenty-four Hours.

No fewer than four attempts have been made by enterprising jewel thieves during the past five years upon the priceless diamonds and pearls of the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia.

Born Marie, Duchess of Mecklenburg, the wife of the best-hated of all Russia's Grand Dukes possesses gems the value of which would be beyond the dreams of avarice.

6.—Grand Duchess Encrusted with Gems.

This photograph shows the Tsar's sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia-Alexandrovna, in her Russian national costume, which is richly studded with jewels, the value of which can scarcely be estimated.

NOVEL STRIKE IN SOUTHEND CHURCH

ORGANIST CHOIR & CHURCHWARDENS OBJECT TO VICAR'S LONG SERMONS.

A Church Choir on Strike.

The choir of St. Paul's Church, at Westcliff, near Southend, have recently gone out on strike, and for a somewhat unusual reason. It is not dissatisfaction with the pay or the work, or, indeed, any of the causes for which strikes occur, but because the sermons of the vicar, the Rev. Alfred Waller, were too long.

Mr. Waller has been the vicar of the church for over twenty years, during which time his extraordinary verbal output has gained him no small amount of notoriety. Each of his sermons average thirty to forty minutes in length, and he has delivered about 250 of them a year, many to children at the beach services. What Mr. Waller himself thinks the choir—and others—object to is not so much the mere length of his sermons, but the strength of them. He always preaches extempore, and often takes topical matters as subjects for his discourse. One of them, on the question as to whether motor-'buses should run on Sundays, seems to have caused annoyance to certain of his congregation who were shareholders in the 'bus company. Another, on the evil of alcohol, also seemed to be not to the liking of his audience. Mr. Waller, it would seem, has nothing good to say of the ordinary read sermon, wherein the preacher wades through reams of paper and then turns back to the beginning again to lengthen it out. Rather, he says, he speaks just as he feels inclined, or is moved to speak, and always with his watch before him.

The more or less wholesale resignation of the choir does not trouble Mr. Waller much. Rather he looks on it with a tolerant eye as a sort of irresponsible stampede, one or two of the weaker taking flight and the rest following like sheep. It will be seen in the photograph of the church that there is a bunch of holly fastened to the flag-staff which surmounts the tower. To some of the congregation this would appear to be a symbol that Mr. Waller intends to make a clean sweep of all seditious elements in the church, much as a Dutch admiral once fastened a broom to the masthead as a sign that he would sweep the seas of his enemies.

Mr. Manby, who held the post of choir-master at St. Paul's for the last twelve months, and who is a well-known singer, and also the head of the Westcliff School of Music, had something to say on the matter.

"The vicar's sermons are really intolerably long, and I have often had a hard task to keep the boys awake," he said. "His discourse for a few minutes is no doubt excellent, but the continual intonation is exceedingly exasperating, and has, naturally, a strong soporific effect. Even the men often get very drowsy during the sermon, and I have often had an anxious time trying to keep them awake, and the boys, on detecting signs of sleepiness among each other, would throw pellets at the offenders to arouse them. Of course, that couldn't go on for long, so I simply had to resign."

What the length of the vicar's sermons meant to some of the congregation may be imagined. The people's warden, who lives close to the church, used not to get home until a quarter to two, so the case of people who perhaps live a mile, or even two miles, away was far worse.

Anyway, the choir and part of the congregation are determined to have shorter sermons. Whether they will get what they want by striking for it remains to be seen.

Photos, P.I.P. Special.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The top illustrations show St. Paul's Church, Southend, the Rev. Alfred Waller, and two of the choir-boys. The middle photo shows the Choir-Master, Mr. Manby, and his wife. The bottom picture shows the Organist, Mr. A. E. Cox.

THE VICAR SAYS THAT IT IS NOT THE LENGTH OF HIS SERMONS WHICH IS OBJECTED TO, BUT THE FACT THAT HE HITS STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

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OBSTREPEROUS PETS AT SEA

PATHETIC FATE OF SAILORS' MENAGERIE

The fate of a floating menagerie carried by the German cargo steamer *Lichtenfels*, which put into New York last week, is one of the most tragic chapters in animal history.

The crew of the *Lichtenfels* are animal-lovers to a man, and when the vessel left Calcutta she carried quite a hundred pets. She arrived in New York with one—a mangy cat that had seen many vicissitudes.

The captain had a collie dog, the first officer a young crocodile, the second officer half-a-dozen parrots, the chief engineer a doe, the second engineer a choice pair of hooded cobras, the fifth and sixth engineers divided the ownership of three mongooses, and so on; while the lascars in the forecastle had thirty monkeys, several hairy-nosed porcupines, Malayan squirrels, and numerous birds. The cook was the proud owner of a well-developed young cheetah. All hoped to sell their pets profitably in New York.

The cheetah began the trouble. He surreptitiously bit a piece out of his owner's leg in the cook's galley. The irate cook promptly kicked the beast, which ran away, and took revenge by killing the chief engineer's doe. The cook and the engineer have not been friends since. Meanwhile the cheetah remained at large, only appearing from dark corners to bite unsuspecting sailors in the legs. He was finally driven overboard by a party of angry seamen.

Within two days of Suez, a Red Sea sandstorm blinded the monkeys, and almost drove them mad. They were caged in a compartment forward until the storm passed. When released they rushed wildly about, clambered into the rigging, and bit anyone who attempted to catch them. finally, all but two jumped overboard.

A day later the crocodile hit one of the engineers so violent a blow in the head that he remained stunned for some time. After this the crocodile became more obstreperous, and the sailors chastised him so vigorously that they cracked his skull.

Going through the Canal, the collie barked vigorously at a gesticulating Arab on the bank, lost his balance, and was drowned.

Two parrots were killed by the cat, and the rest died of the cold in the North Atlantic. Then a gale, which raged seven days, came up. Several pets died from lack of attention, and there were only left the cat, one mongoose, and the two cobras—all deadly rivals. The owners of the mongoose and the cobras were feeding their pets at the height of the gale. The mongoose escaped, and seized his opportunity. He leaped into the cobras' box, and killed one with a savage bite in the neck. The other fought him.

The fight lasted half an hour, and the owners failed in all attempts to separate them. Almost simultaneously the mongoose got its teeth in the cobra's throat and the snake bit its adversary. Thus perished all but the cat, which was sent to a veterinary surgeon in New York.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

CUPID IN THE KITCHEN

In the current issue of *M.A.P.* Mrs. G. R. Sims raises a most interesting aspect of the servant problem, and one, strangely enough, to which I myself alluded in these notes over a year ago. I wrote then, and Mrs. Sims writes now, on the difficulty of keeping a maid-servant any length of time in one situation if her affections are fixed on some young man who is not resident in the locality.

Under the appropriate heading of "Cupid in the Kitchen," Mrs. Sims asks: "Do mistresses sufficiently recognise the power of the little blind god in woman's realm below the stairs?" Most servants are young, many of them are pretty, and, as the aim of nine girls out of ten in service is to marry and have a home of their own, the majority have a love affair.

"If her young man is in the South of London, she does not wish to enter service in the North—and *vice versâ*. 'Journeys end,' we know, 'in lovers' meeting.' But when a girl gets out at four or five, and has to be in by ten, she does not want to travel across London to see her sweetheart and then have to travel back again. There is not only the distance to take into account, but the fare. And so she selects places within the four-mile radius of her heart.

"When a girl is in love and can only see her young man once a week, how often while engaged in her household duties must the pangs of that 'true love,' which we know does not always run smoothly, be hers! There is jealousy; the fuming and the fretting over letters—they are generally picture-postcards now—left unanswered; the haunting fear that somebody who *can* get out every evening is setting her cap at Tom or Fred or Will, whatever the adored one's name is, and perhaps walking by his side.

"When a girl is in love her whole life is changed and governed by this poetic form of madness. But a maid-servant must not let her love change and govern her emotions, except in her own time. Her heart filled with tender yearnings, her mind dwelling on the romance that has come into her life, she must perform the domestic duties of someone else's home with the regularity of clock-work, and present herself always in the family to whose wants she ministers with a face that must neither beam with joy nor show the slightest trace of anxiety, disappointment, or sorrow. And yet the girls who are expected to show no signs of their private joys and sorrows come as a rule from a class in which restraint of emotion is neither natural nor cultivated.

"There is, of course, much to be said on the other side. The lot of a mistress to-day would furnish material for a female Book of Job. But the situation as presented on behalf of the maids is worth considering, as it undoubtedly has a direct bearing on the problem most of us who have not yet taken to hotel life in despair are seeking to solve. Whatever our views may be on the great mistress and maid question, we must always recognise that under the cap and apron there is a 'human girl,' and that, though her hands may be ours for a wage, her heart is somebody else's, and it is often at a considerable distance from her work. The girl's heart may not be in the Highlands, but it is frequently dwelling on the distant prospect of 'the hero of her dreams.' This sounds very like the sentiment of the novelette, but the sentiment of the novelette enters largely into the tragi-comedy of Cupid in the Kitchen."

I think Mrs. Sims' interesting remarks have thrown light on an aspect of the servant problem which is not often considered, and I will again this week give small gifts of pen-knives pencil-cases, etc., to the senders of the best postcards on the subject of "Cupid in the Kitchen." Treat the matter in any way you like, but try to be *original* and *brief*. Send in your postcards not later than first post on Thursday, the 17th.

Cut this out and give it to the nearest Newsagent.

Please reserve for me one copy of

The Penny Illustrated Paper

every week until further notice.

Name .....

Address .....

Date.....

I have received very nice letters of thanks from the readers who were lucky enough to win prizes in the "What Should the Doctor Do?" postcard contest. One of them, with a mistaken sense of gratitude, has broken out into one of the most appalling pieces of "poetry" I have ever read. I will print it this time. But please do not do it again:

In nineteen hundred and seven
I was dreaming of Heaven—
'Twas January four—
Came a whack at the door
By the postman.

I rose like a shot;
'Twas the first letter I'd got
In the year that had come.
So I made things hum
By running.

I was *en déshabille*,
And the cold I did feel.
I wanted to know
If 'twas friend or foe
Or the devil.

I smiled at your letter;
It made me feel better.
I op'ed with a rip—
It was from the *P.I.P.*—
With a knife.

I had got a prize—
Not a big one in size.
To thank you I must.
Or else I shall bust—
Mr. Steer.

I should like every reader of the paper to drop me a postcard again, if it is not too much trouble, letting me know which feature they like best in this week's number, and *why* they consider it the best thing in the paper. I will send small gifts of pen-knives, pencil-cases, etc., to the senders of the best postcards, which must be received not later than first post on Thursday next, and the earlier they are sent in the better!

If there are any topics of general interest which you would like me to discuss in these columns; any interesting opinions of your own which you would like to make known; any criticisms of my notes which occur to you; or any subject on which you would like advice, do not hesitate to write to me. I am glad to hear from my readers as often as they choose to write.

VALENTIA STEER.

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.

There are many so-called cures for these terrible complaints, but how many have proved their right to the title?

No less than 50,000 cases have been successfully treated by my method of Home Treatment, a large number having previously been pronounced by physicians to be hopelessly incurable.

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And what is the reason that I have been so successful where eminent physicians and hospitals failed?

Because, unlike all orthodox methods, my hygienic Home Treatment does not merely produce a transient relief, but exterminates the root of the disease by removing the real causes, and thus effects an absolutely lasting and Permanent Cure.

NOTE.—This is a Home Treatment, and can be carried out at Patient's own residence without interference with daily duties.

Wragby-lane, Sturton Magna,
Dear Sir,— Horncastle, Lincs.

Before I began your "Treatment" I had suffered from Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma for several years, left on me from Influenza. I got so bad that I could not leave my bedroom for weeks together. The least cold I got would settle on my chest. I had very violent coughing, with much phlegm; I often thought I should suffocate especially if the fire went out and the air turned cool in my room.

I used to dread going to bed, as I suffered so terribly during the night; I often had to be propped up with pillows the whole of the night, fighting and gasping for breath. I cannot describe my sufferings, they were terrible. I was seen by four doctors, who only gave me relief for a time, for as soon as I got a cold Bronchitis would set in, then I was as bad as ever, nay, worse, for every attack left me weaker, and I had scarcely any strength left. At last a neighbour told me of a farmer who had derived much benefit from your Treatment, and I determined to try it. I applied to you and began your Treatment, and in a short time I began to improve in my breathing, sleeping, eating, etc. My cough did not trouble me much. I followed your instructions, and am thankful to say I am now enjoying better health than I have done for years. Since I began your Treatment I have had several very bad colds, but am glad to say that all passed off without a single attack of Bronchitis or Asthma.

I now wish to give you my best thanks for all you have done for me, also for your great kindness and patience which you have shown all through my case. I shall be pleased to recommend your Treatment to anyone suffering from Chronic Bronchitis or Asthma. Hoping you may be spared many years to carry on your valuable Treatment.—Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours most gratefully, KEZIA WATTAM.

The above is not "exceptional," but, on the contrary, is typical of thousands of testimonials filed at my Institute, and these can always be seen by any bona-fide inquirer.

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I am prepared to pay One Thousand Pounds to any charitable institution if the whole of the testimonials published by me are not genuine extracts from the patients' own letters.

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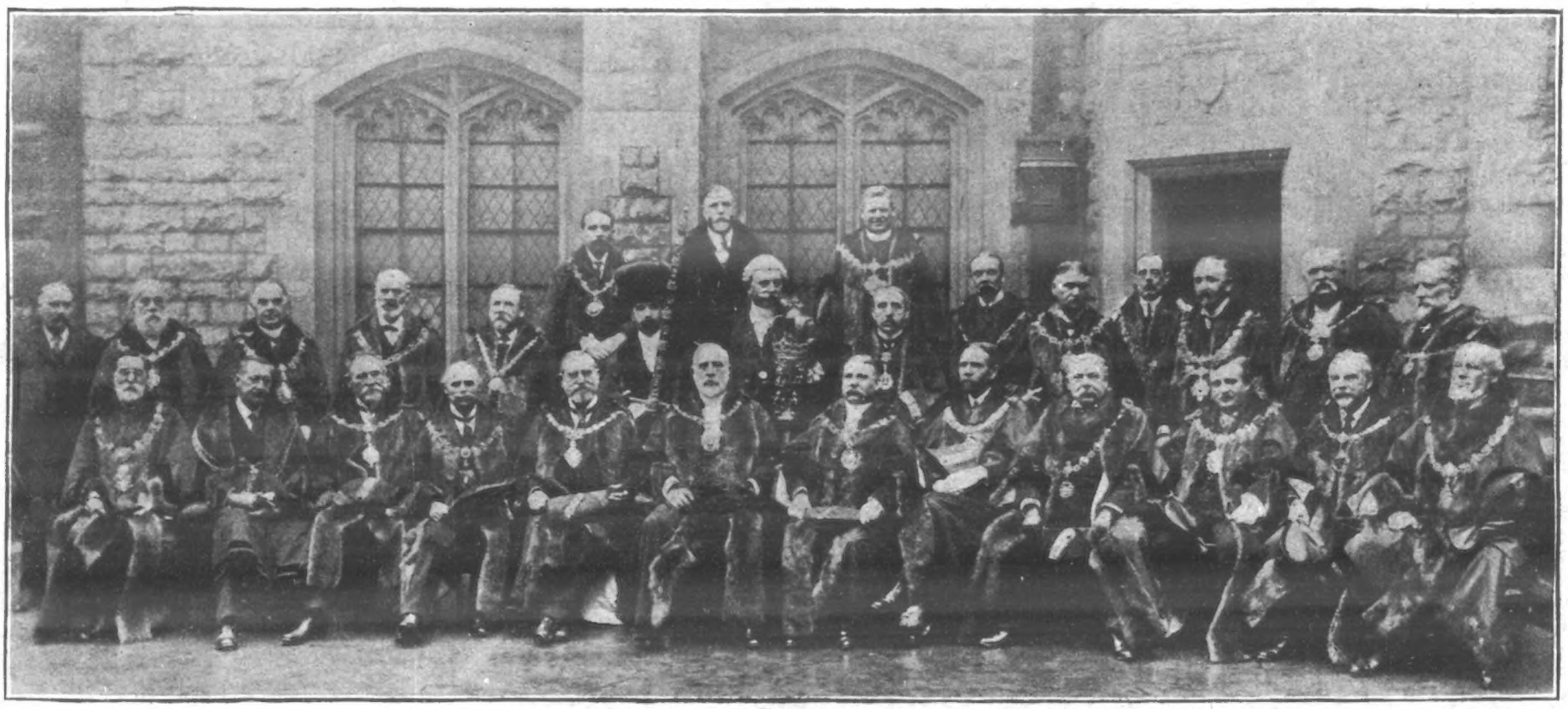
The Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The photograph of the late Baroness that we published in our last issue was by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker Street.



Photo, Weston.

A BUNCH OF CHIEF MAGISTRATES: THE LORD MAYOR WITH HIS METROPOLITAN BRETHREN AT THE DISTRIBUTION TO CRIPPLES.

This group of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Mayors of the Metropolitan Boroughs, was taken at the Guildhall on the occasion of the Chief Magistrate's annual distribution of hampers to crippled children. Also present in group are Mace Bearer and Common Crier, and the Mayors of Kensington, Finsbury, Wandsworth, Bethnal Green, St. Pancras, Stepney, Southwark, Bermondsey, Hackney, Shoreditch, Stoke Newington, Battersea, Poplar, Fulham, Lewisham, Croydon, Chelsea, Greenwich, Hammersmith, Marylebone, Lambeth, Hampstead, Paddington, and Holborn.

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It will cost but a penny to prove to your perfect satisfaction that my system of Practical Astrology will make your future like an open book, for I am willing to send you a Horoscope or Star Reading of your life free of charge. Simply send me your name, date of birth, sex, and whether married or single, and enclose with your letter a penny stamp for return postage, and a Horoscope, or reading of your life, together with my interesting book, "Know Thy Future," will be sent to you in a plain envelope, sealed and confidential.

When you receive this reading, you will discover how absolutely correct, as well as wonderfully helpful it is, and you will be glad to write me when you wish to know what to do about the future, for success in love, marriage, speculation, or business. You will, I am sure, be glad to go out of your way to advise your friends to consult me, and in that way repay me for the cost of the free Horoscope I send you.

Everything Perfectly True.

Cheshunt, Herts.

I can truthfully say that I feel happier since I have received my Horoscope, and think everyone should have one. Everything you told me is perfectly true. You have read me to the letter. Should I need advice in the future, I shall surely write to you.

LOUISE CLARKE.

My Predictions Came to Pass.

52 Bloomfield Road, London, E.

I am very much pleased with my Horoscope. Many of the things told me have already come to pass. The disappointment you predicted for January was true, and in March I was successful in winning a watch. What you told me regarding my friends was very true.

ELIZABETH ANGLISH.

Louise Clarke | Benj. H. Robinson | Elizabeth Anglish

My Advice Brought Money.

Charlemont, Canada.

I am proud to tell you that I have profited greatly by following the advice contained in my Horoscope. I had about given up taking a journey, but when you advised it so strongly I reconsidered and took the journey, passed my examinations, and am now in a position to earn from £20 to £25 per month. I would not take £10 for the advice you gave me.

I believe every young person starting in life should by all means secure a Horoscope from you. Nothing I ever received has given me such power to control conditions and circumstances as your Horoscope. — Wishing you every success, I am, your truly,

BENJ. H. ROBINSON.

Write me to-day, and learn what the future has in store for you.

To-day may be the turning point in your fortune. Do not therefore delay, but write to me at once and get the valuable information that I alone can give you. Do not send me any money, but let me prove to you my wonderful powers, and then help me by recommending my work to your friends. Simply send me your full name, date of birth, your sex, whether married or single, and a penny stamp for return postage, and the Horoscope will be immediately posted to you free of charge.

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You know that the dust gets in; the parts become clogged, and the delicate mechanism sometimes requires to be carefully cleaned and lubricated.

Do you pay the same attention to your Bodily Organs?

Surely you are not so unreasonable as to expect the complicated functions of your bodily system to go—year after year—without regulation; especially considering that you may perhaps be acting contrary to wisdom in the matters of food, drink, habits, &c.

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WILL RESTORE THE HARMONY OF ORGANIC FUNCTION JUST AS SURELY AS A SKILFUL HAND WILL MAKE YOUR WATCH KEEP TIME.

They will clean and regulate the whole machine, for the body is a most wonderful machine.

THE STOMACH will grow strong and easily able to carry on its digestive processes.

THE LIVER will again be stimulated to healthy action, and bilious disorders will cease to exist.

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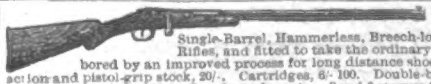

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